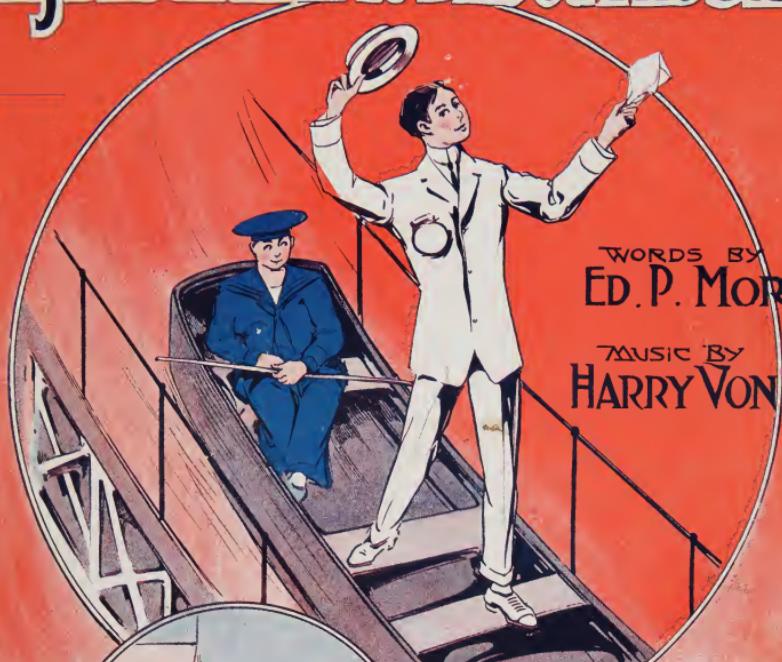


# If Sammy Simpson Shot The Shutes Why Shouldn't He Shoot The Shots?



WORDS BY  
**ED. P. MORAN**

MUSIC BY  
**HARRY VON TILZER**

ENLIST  
IN THE  
NAVY



Effie H.

# If Sammy Simpson Shot The Chutes Why Shouldn't He Shoot The Shots?

Words by  
EDDIE MORAN.

Music by  
HARRY VON TILZER.

Piano.

Down at the sea-shore Sam-my Sim-pson used to shoot the chutes, — He said "I must en-  
Now Sam-my said the Sergeant shouldn't say you shan't en - list, — So Sam-my got so

list be-cause the na - vy needs re - cruits;" — When they ex - a-mined him they saw a med-al on his  
sore he slapped the Ser-gent on the wrist, — The Ser-gent said; "You shall be shot at sun-rise so be -

chest, — He pinned it there him - self be-cause he shot the chutes the best, — So Sam-my posed and  
ward! — Say where you will be shot" and sim - ple Sam-my told him where, — So sev - en sail - ors

said "Well, do I go?" They gave three heart-y cheers and an-swered "No!"  
dressed in sail-or suits. Took Sam-my out and shot him in the chutes!

## Chorus.

If Sam-my Simp-son shot the chutes why should-n't he shoot the shots? San-my would seem so  
*p.f.*

cute, dressed in a sail - or suit, If Sam-my's sis - ter sewed some shirts for  
 sol - diers by the box Why should-n't Sam-my sail the sea and sew the sail - ors  
 sox? Sam-my said he sure - ly should do some-thing for his land, Sit - ting still a.  
 shore was some-thing Sam-my could - n't stand, Shoot-in shot and shell at ships at sea would suit him  
 lots, If Sam-my Simp-son shot the chutes why should-n't he shoot the shots? If shots? <sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>



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BY HARRY VON TILZER



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Somebody Knows  
Sacramento  
Keep Your Foot on The Soft, Soft Pedal  
Somebody Else Is Getting It  
It Has To Be Someone I Love  
Row, Row, Row  
The Ragtime Goblin Man  
I Remember You  
What Are You Goin' To Do When The Rent Comes 'Round  
On The Banks of The Rhine with a Stein  
Holy Holy Eyes  
When Sunday Comes To Town  
I'm Home  
I Will Be There Mary Dear  
Lovely Day For A Walk  
Vacation Time  
Help, Help, Help, I'm Falling In Love  
Swing, Swing, Swing  
Emancipation Day  
Making Eyes  
Don't Take Me Home  
Funny Face  
Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More  
On The Boulevard  
I'll Lend You Everything I've Got Except My Wife,  
And I'll Make You A Present Of Her  
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Honey, You Certainly Know How To Love  
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Down On A Farm  
Does Anybody Want to Take Charlie's Place?  
In D' Evening  
I'm A Honorary Member of the Patsy Club  
My Bamboo Queen  
I Just Can't Help From Loving That Man  
Why Do You Love So Sweet  
My Little Coney Isle  
Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep  
In The Garden of Y' Eden  
The Girl I Left Before I Left The Girl I Left Behind  
Goodbye Liza Jane  
Shut Your Eyes and Make Believe  
Won't You Roll Those Eyes Eliza  
In a Chimney Corner on a Winter's Night  
I Don't Believe You

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The Beautiful See  
April Fool  
When Priscilla Tries To Reach High C  
To Dreamland To New York Town  
Oh Mr. Dream Man Please Let Me Dream Some More  
When Maratich Does the Hootch Makootz  
Maricela Do the Cubanola Glide  
Moving Day  
Lovie Joe  
Love Me While the Lovin is Good  
Lucky Boy  
Those Musical Eyes  
Mad Madrid (FROM MADAM SHERRY)  
Give My Regards to Mabel  
Knock Wood  
Oh, You Have Known About You  
WV, Please Put Me In My Little Bed  
Do you take this little Woman for your Lawful Wife  
I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid  
I Know Him When He Was All Right  
If It Wasn't For You  
Idaho  
Abraham, Jefferson, Washington and Lee  
Hav-A Heart  
I'll Left My Old Kentucky Home for You  
I Love It  
On The Old Fall River Line  
The Ghost Of The Goblin Man  
And The Green Grass Grew All Around  
Go By Me  
Hannah, Won't You Open That Door  
When Highland Mary Does The Highland Fling  
Go On And Coax Me  
Cubanola Glide  
Pretty Little Dina Jones  
Hmn, Hmn, I'd Do As Much for You  
I Never Heard Of Anybody Dying from a Kiss  
Eva  
All Alone  
I'm A Little Bit Afraid Of You, Broadway  
Alexandra  
Don't You Love Your Baby No More  
Under The Anheuser Bush  
Baby I'll  
What's The Good Of Being Good When No One's  
Good To Me  
Every Little Bit Helps  
Cows May Come, and Cows May Go, But the Bull  
Goes on Fore'er  
With His Little Cane and Satchel in His Hand  
Cedro, My Italian Romeo